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# In Memoriam.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE FAITHFUL AND BELOVED

HUSBAND AND FATHER,

FRANCIS LEE SMITH,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS

TENDERLY AND LOVINGLY

INSCRIBED

BY HIS

WIFE

AND

CHILDREN.

1893846

TO the end that the remorseless foot of time may not, with its obliterating tread, bury the recorded life of one so pure and noble as the subject of this Memorial, we have thought it well, for the benefit of succeeding generations, to give it this enduring form.

Appended is a genealogical history of the family, collected from Bible Registers, traditional and documentary evidence, and believed by this generation to be correct.

# OBITUARY NOTICES.

[From THE ALEXANDRIA GAZETTE, May 10th, 1877.]

FRANCIS L. SMITH, Esq., long a prominent and leading citizen of this City, died suddenly, this morning, at his residence. For a year or more, his health had been in some degree impaired, but the community was wholly unprepared for the intelligence of his death. It has fallen, therefore, with a shock, upon the very large circle of acquaintances and friends, among whom he had been long and intimately known. Born in Fauquier County, he commenced the study of law at an early age, as a student of the law school at Winchester, and after a few years practice in Virginia removed to Louisville, Ky., where he continued the practice of his profession until 1842. About that time he located in this City, and has ever since been one of its most conspicuous and influential citizens. Soon after the retrocession of Alexandria to Virginia, Mr. SMITH was elected to represent the City in the Virginia House of Delegates, and whilst there served on some of its most important Committees. For many years he was active and prominent in our municipal affairs, serving in both branches of the Council, and as the Attorney for the City. He was especially prominent and successful in his profession, and was employed in all or most of the important cases which came before our Courts, both before and since the period of retrocession. He was among the last of a body of lawyers who, twenty years ago, were well known in this section of the

State, as the leading men in their profession, and as leading men in public affairs. His career as a private citizen was an example of industry, integrity and purity, and the charm of his genial and singularly attractive manners fitted him specially for the social circle, where, of latter years, he seemed to find his chief pleasure. The entire City sympathizes with us in the feeling of sadness with which we received his death.

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[From The Alexandria Gazette, May 11th, 1877.]

Entered into rest, on Thursday morning, May 10th, 1877, in Alexandria, Va., Francis Lee Smith. ☞ The funeral will take place from his late residence, corner of Wolfe and St. Asaph Streets, on Saturday afternoon, May 12th, at 4 o'clock. The friends and acquaintances of the family are respectfully invited to attend.—[Richmond and Mobile papers please copy.]

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[From The Alexandria Gazette, May 14th, 1877.]

## THE LATE F. L. SMITH.

The funeral services of Francis L. Smith, Esq., took place from his late residence, at the corner of Wolfe and St. Asaph Streets, last Saturday afternoon. The spacious, but grief-stricken mansion, was so crowded with the relatives and friends of the deceased, that many persons were unable to gain admission to the parlors, where the services were held.

The body was enclosed in a handsome, massive metallic casket, with silver handles and ornaments, and was literally

buried in and surrounded with flowers, the display of rare exotics woven into crosses, crowns, &c., surpassing anything ever before seen in this City. A magnificent silver plate on the lid of the casket bore the inscription:

FRANCIS L. SMITH,
BORN NOVEMBER 25th, 1808,
DIED MAY 10th, 1877.
"ASLEEP IN JESUS."

The beautiful burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was recited at the house, in a most impressive manner, by Rev. Dr. NORTON, assisted by Rev. Drs. SPRIGG and DAME, of this City, and PACKARD, of the Theological Seminary. The choir of St. Paul's Church was also present, and rendered the musical portion of the service with much sweetness and solemnity.

At the conclusion of the services, the corpse was borne to the hearse by eight body bearers. L. J. SMITH, CLIFTON H. SMITH, F. L. SMITH, Jr., and COURTLAND H. SMITH, sons of the deceased; W. E. STRONG and E. L. DAINGERFIELD, his sons-in-law; B. M. SMITH and R. W. SMITH, his nephews, acted as pall-bearers, and walked beside the hearse to the cemetery.

A very large cortége followed the remains to their last resting place in the Presbyterian cemetery, where they were

deposited in a walled grave, and, after the final prayers had been recited, were covered with flowers, and the attendants being dismissed, the grave was arched over in the presence only of the immediate family of the deceased.

Among the attendants present from a distance were Maj. W. T. Sutherlin, of Danville; Messrs. Boylston and Hubbell, of Baltimore; Messrs. Appleby, Kent, Morrison and Colonel Mosby, of Washington; and Gen. W. H. F. Lee and Thos. Moore, Esq., of Fairfax County.

Thus were committed to the earth the last remains of an affectionate husband and father, an honored and honorable citizen, and an exemplary Christian gentleman.

The following notices of the deceased are taken from some of our exchanges:

"The community was shocked Friday morning, to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Francis L. Smith. Mr. Smith had been in feeble health for some weeks past, but his death was not expected. He died during the night from apoplexy or heart disease. He was born in Fauquier County, Va., and was the son of John A. W. Smith, many years Clerk of Fauquier County Court and a practicing lawyer, and the grandson of Captain John Hawkins, of the Revolution. In connection with Messrs. Robert Brocket and Charles E. Stuart, he represented for several years before Congress and the Legislature of Virginia, the interests of Alexandria, with a view to the retrocession of the City of Alexandria from the District of Columbia to the State of Virginia. On the organization of Page County, about the year 1832, he was the first Commonwealth's Attorney of that County. He came

here about 1840, and has since that time resided in this City, and practiced his profession in the Courts of this vicinity."—*Alexandria Press.*

"Francis L. Smith, Sr., the leading lawyer in this City, died suddenly at his residence this morning. Mr. Smith has for many years enjoyed a substantial reputation in his profession, and was a most estimable citizen. He has been charged with many important trusts during life, and among his other business latterly he had charge of the suit of Gen. Custis Lee, for the recovery of the Arlington estate."—*Alexandria Cor. Balto. Sun.*

"Francis L. Smith, Esq., a distinguished lawyer, and leading citizen of Alexandria, died suddenly on Thursday morning last. He was a gentleman of the very highest personal character, and will be deeply mourned in the community where he was so highly esteemed. Mr. Smith was a refugee during the war, and lived during the greater portion of the time in Liberty, where he made many friends."—*Lynchburg News.*

"Francis L. Smith, Sr., of Alexandria, died at his residence, on the morning of the 10th inst. His life was devoted exclusively to the profession of law, in which he held enviable rank. Mr. Smith was a native of Warrenton, and has near connections in the Town and County."— *Warrenton Index.*

[From THE STATE, Richmond, Va.]

## THE LATE FRANCIS L. SMITH.

The death of this estimable gentlemen, of whom it may with very truth be spoken, none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise, has created a profound sensation throughout the Commonwealth, so widely was he known and respected. A man of the most distinguished abilities, and of the highest literary and legal attainments, of surpassing modesty and most kindly and amiable disposition, his loss will be sensibly felt both by the public and in the extended circle in which he was so bright an ornament. His death occurred in Alexandria, on the 10th inst.

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[From THE MOBILE REGISTER.]

## THE LATE FRANCIS L. SMITH.

We notice in a late Alexandria paper, the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANCIS L. SMITH, of Alexandria, Va. Mr. SMITH was a lawyer of high rank in his profession, and with his eminent ability united exceeding culture and grace of manner, that rendered him one of the most attractive men in his portion of the Old Dominion. "*Nihil quod tetigit, non ornavit.*" He was the eldest brother of Col. ROBERT W. SMITH of this City, and MARSHALL J. SMITH, Esq., of New Orleans, and the father of a large and interesting family of grown up sons and daughters, who will mourn his loss.

[From The Alexandria Gazette, May 12th, 1877.]

## MEETING OF THE BAR.

A meeting of the Bar of this City, was held yesterday evening in the U. S. Court room, to express its loss in the death of Francis L. Smith, Esq., and to pass resolutions of respect to his memory. A feeling of solemnity, deeper than usual, pervaded the meeting. Yearly almost since the war, the Bar of this City has mourned the loss of some prominent member thereof, and now the "last living link that connects the present with the early history of this Bar" has passed away. S. Chapman Neale, Esq., was called to preside over the meeting.

Mr. Neale on assuming the chair, returned his thanks for the honor that had been conferred upon him. Mr. Smith, he said, was the oldest member of the Alexandria Bar in point of years, and of continuous service. He had commenced the practice of his profession before he had attained the age of twenty-one, and from that time to the hour of his death had pursued it with singular success, fidelity and devotion. Few lawyers in Virginia have enjoyed a larger practice than Mr. Smith, or have had confided to them more important and delicate trusts, and one of the best eulogies that can be pronounced upon Mr. Smith is the universal acknowledgement, that throughout his long and eventful professional career the slightest blot had never attached to his record, and that his conduct always merited and received the entire approval of his clients. To the younger members of the Bar Mr. Smith's death will be felt with peculiar keenness. He was not only their associate, but their kind, affectionate and considerate

friend. Ever ready to extend an encouraging and helping hand, his time and his advice were freely at their disposal. In brief, Mr. Smith was a Christian gentleman, and his life was adorned by Christian virtues, "and even in times like these, in integrity and in honesty he stood unassailed and unassailable."

At the conclusion of his remarks, Wm. Wall was elected Secretary.

Upon motion, a Committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions of respect to the memory of the dead. Messrs. S. F. Beach, Albert Stuart and John M. Johnson were appointed the Committee for that purpose, and in a short time presented the following resolutions:

The Bar of the City of Alexandria, assembled upon the occasion of the death of Francis L. Smith, for a long time its most prominent member, in testimony of their great esteem for him in life and of their sense of the loss which they suffer in his death, adopt the following resolutions:

*Resolved*, That we have received with deep sorrow the intelligence of the death of Francis L. Smith, for thirty years and upwards the leading practitioner in the Courts of this City, and we recognize in the sad event a great loss, not only to our own body, but to our community at large.

*Resolved*, That Purity, Fidelity and high regard for Honor and Truth, are conspicuous throughout the record of his private, public and professional life, and make it a record to be contemplated with pleasure, and to be studied with profit.

*Resolved*, That his personal virtues and excellencies of character are deeply impressed upon us—that we cherish

warmly the recollections of our intercourse and relations with him socially—and, though we now take final leave of him in the body, he will continue to remain ever present with us in memory.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be communicated to the family of the deceased, and be presented to the State and United States Courts of this City, for entry upon their minutes.

The Chairman, Mr. Beach, in presenting these resolutions, remarked that while in common with the Bar he felt the profession had lost one of its brightest members, personally he felt that in the death of Mr. Smith he had sustained a great loss. His earliest professional associations were intimately connected with the deceased; he had read law in his office; from there was admitted to the Bar, and was associated with him in practice for three years. He could truly say, that whatever measure of success he had himself met with in his profession was due, in a great degree, to the advantages he had derived from his association with Mr. Smith. He had known him in every situation in life, and esteem and regard had strengthened with the flow of years. Much as the resolutions expressed, if they said far more, they would still fall short of expressing all that could truly be said of his spotless life and his many virtues. He moved the adoption of the resolutions.

Mr. John M. Johnson in seconding the resolutions, said:

Mr. Chairman, we will follow to the grave to-morrow evening the mortal remains of our friend and one of our number, the late Francis L. Smith, who was the senior member of this

Bar. It has been but two years ago, as all of us will remember, since the last one passed away and was buried. And how soon another member, and which one, will be called, no mortal can tell. From our ranks the departures have been unusually frequent during the last few years, Mr. Smith making the fourth since I came to the Bar, in the year 1872. This Bar has lost more of its members by death, in proportion to its numbers, in the last eight or nine years, than any Bar with which I am acquainted, and certainly greatly in excess of the proportion it bears to the rest of the community; and this makes me feel and say that the present members of it have been, by a merciful Providence, specially warned of the uncertainty of human life. Mr. Smith died suddenly yesterday morning, about 6 o'clock; ripe in years, for he had nearly reached the usual period allotted to man to live, and full of honors, the reward here of a pure and well-spent life. To those of his acquaintances who had been told the nature of his sickness, his death, sudden as it was, could not have been a great surprise. It is a consolation to know that he expected and was fully prepared to meet the last great enemy, Death! And, my friends, you need have no fear for him of the result. For every reason have we to believe that, like the Master he followed, he has conquered the adversary, and to-day is in Paradise. I will not attempt to give a history of his life, because a majority of the members of the Bar present are, perhaps, better acquainted with the main features of it than I am, and besides, too, some of them have been given by gentlemen who preceded me, and no doubt, more of them will be given by those to follow, and, therefore, of the lawyer, public man and citizen, I do not propose to speak. Mr.

Chairman, we all know that he had a warm and affectionate disposition and a tender heart. He was naturally kind, and I, when in his company, always felt the influence of those feelings, which to me were most pleasant and agreeable. Those of us who knew him in his family will bear testimony that he was a most loving father and husband, and never was a father's and husband's love more fully requited. These traits of Mr. Smith's character particularly impressed everyone, whether he was a stranger or friend, but not more, perhaps, than his politeness. I never, in all my life, met a more polite gentleman than he was; he was polite, under all circumstances, at all times, and, too, to everybody; and I venture to assert, that no person ever left Mr. Smith's presence without feeling that he had parted with an honorable gentleman. A great deal more I could say, but as I know others are here who desire to pay their tribute to the virtues of our departed brother and friend, I will close by seconding the eloquent, touching and appropriate resolutions from the pen of the Chairman of the Committee.

He was followed by Linden Kent, Esq., who said—

Mr. Chairman:

It is related of a philosopher, that when word was brought to him of the death of his son, his single reflection was this: "I knew that my son was mortal." If in the busy hours of professional life we fail to take the impression that its vicissitudes would teach, it seems to me only necessary that we should stop for a moment, and look back but a few years upon our professional ranks, then full and beautifully dressed, now, alas! serried and thin, to be painfully impressed

with our mortality. Since I have been a member of this bar scarcely a year has passed that death has not claimed a victim to warn us of its imperious presence, and as each recurring affliction called us to the performance of the last sad rites of respect and esteem to the memory of some departed associate, our thoughts would involuntarily turn with thankfulness to the life of our friend who was still left to us, and in whose death the last living link that connected the present with the early history of our bar has been severed.

In the presence of those who knew Mr. Smith longer and more intimately than I did, it is needless for me to speak of his life; but if there be wisdom in the belief of the ancients, that only *that* is illustrious which is *useful*, we may well ask each other which of our lives could as well bear the test of its application as his has done. But it was more than this: in the accomplishments of culture it was in many respects a model, so much so that we were not less attracted by admiration for the undeviating proprieties of the lawyer, than captivated by the graces of the gentleman. He was in no sense pretentious, he affected no virtues he did not possess. His was a character that was founded upon truth, honor and justice; and upon these cardinal virtues was reared a superstructure reflecting all the ornaments of refinement and culture.

It was a singularly even and unruffled life. By nature of a kind and forbearing disposition, the habits and associations of his life were such as to make him considerate of the faults of others, and lenient in his judgment. While the privacies of life were more congenial to his tastes, he still, if he thought his duty called him, with a dignified mien walked calmly on through its tumults and strife as well, "as the sun

pursues alike his course through a calm or a stormy sky." And when he had nearly lived the allotted time of the Hebrew poet's limit of three score years and ten, the sun of his life went down, giving promise of a glorious rising.

When I learned of Mr. SMITH's death on yesterday, I recalled the beautiful tribute of Sedgwick to Chancellor Kent, and upon reference to it I found it so appropriate to his life, that I beg leave to read it here, for of him it can with truth be said "That his life was one of uninterrupted and useful activity, and whose old age presented one of those beautiful pictures that we are sometimes permitted to behold, as satisfied in its retrospect as the imperfections of humanity allow, as hopeful of the future as an unwavering confidence in a higher power, and a conciousness of faculties neither wasted nor abused may warrant."

It teaches us, Mr. Chairman, that the remainder of our lives should be so ordered as to demonstrate to those who follow us, that we have left to them, when we are gone, a glorious work—a work of preserving and perpetuating in their purity, those institutions for the righteous administration of law, which we have received from those who have passed away.

The resolutions were then adopted, and the Chair appointed Mr. BEACH, to present them to the Court, and the meeting adjourned.

Messrs. S. F. BEACH and ALBERT STUART, also several members of the Bar unavoidably absent, who desire to speak, will submit their remarks when the resolutions are presented to the Courts for entry on their minutes.

[From The Alexandria Gazette, May 29th, 1877.]

## THE LATE F. L. SMITH.

The resolutions of the Bar of this City, adopted at a meeting held some time since, expressive of their sense of loss in the death of Mr. F. L. Smith, were this morning presented to the Circuit Court for the City, Judge Blow presiding, to be spread upon the minutes.

Mr. S. F. Beach, in presenting the resolutions, said:

Since the last term of this Court, the Bar of Alexandria has lost its oldest and leading member in the death of Mr. Francis L. Smith, which occurred at his residence in this City, on the tenth of this present month. At a meeting of the Bar, called to give expression to their sentiments on the occurrence of this sorrowful event, the resolutions which I have read were adopted, and I have been deputed to present them to the Court, as I now do, requesting that they be entered on its minutes. For more than thirty years, as these resolutions express, Mr. Smith occupied a very large place in this community, both as a private citizen and as a member of the legal profession. Many of our leading citizens have fallen among us during the past few years, but none have fallen who have been more prominent than he was. To our own immediate fraternity, the past few years has been a period of unusual fatality. And whilst it has always seemed to fall upon the best among us, it has fallen upon none whose absence will make a greater vacancy than the absence of the one upon whom it has fallen last. The oldest among us who survive him, recollect him as a prominent figure at the Bar when we first came to the practice, and he stood among us a

prominent figure to the hour of his death. His career was not only long and conspicuous—it was successful and honorable. Uniting great zeal and industry with great learning and ability, the result was a wide and varied practice, in the course of which important interests were placed in his charge, and important causes entrusted to his management. The trusts and the responsibilities thus imposed he discharged with efficiency and fidelity, never forgetful of the duty which he owed to his client, and mindful always of that higher duty which he owed to justice and to truth. He was a true and accomplished gentleman. He was observant, scrupulously observant, of all the courtesies of life. Of fine person and presence, of remarkably easy and elegant manners in the performance of social civilties to his neighbors and friends, his example was one rarely met with in these or in any days. We lament the loss of an ornament to our Bar, an ornament to our City. Desiring, therefore, as we do, and as it is fit we should do, to place upon record some testimonial of our esteem and admiration for him as a lawyer, a citizen and a man, I have only now to move that these, our resolutions, be placed upon the minutes of this Court.

Mr. Albert Stuart said:

May it please your honor, I beg leave to pay a brief tribute to the memory of the late Francis L. Smith. I perhaps, sir, had the pleasure of a longer acquaintance with Mr. Smith than any member of this Bar. Mr. Smith removed from Louisville, Ky., to this City in the fall of 1840, and at once assumed a leading position at the Bar, which he maintained to the day of his death. The zeal and ability with which he maintained the interests of his clients, his thorough knowl-

edge of his profession, and the urbanity and courtesy which he at all times manifested, both in his professional and social relations, commanded the respect and esteem of the Bar and the community. And when at an important epoch in the history of our country he was called on to decide between his personal interests and what he believed to be his duty to his State, he did not hesitate to sacrifice his interests upon the altar of patriotism. Sir, he has gone down to the grave at a ripe age, and with an unblemished reputation. And in the language of an eminent philosopher: "The felicity and beautitude that glitters in virtue, shine throughout all her avenues and ways, even to the first entry and utmost pale and limits."

> "Accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
> Atque in perpetuum frater ave atque vale."

Mr. H. O. Claughton made a very beautiful and impressive address.

Judge H. W. Thomas said that he was present accidentally, but as an old acquaintance and friend of the departed, an acquaintance dating further back than that of any one present, he felt that he must pay his tribute of esteem and respect to the memory of the dead. He knew him at the Bar, as a judge in the councils of the State, and could endorse all that had been said. In the course of his whole life he had never known a better and rarely a wiser man.

Judge Blow then said before performing his duty, and in making the order to go on record as a testimonial forever to the worth of the deceased, he felt that he must say one word.

He had not the high privilege of an intimate acquaintance with this distinguished gentleman and jurist, but from what has been said, and the deep feeling expressed by the Bar, he could see how the loss was felt. But he could say that the high qualities and the influence he exercised upon young and old were not peculiar to this community. His name was a household word throughout the State, and was the property of his State, and was cherished by it as something peculiarly its own. The resolutions will be spread upon the record, and the Court will now adjourn in respect to the memory of the deceased.

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## THE LATE F. L. SMITH.

The following remarks were made by Mr. H. O. Claughton upon the presentation of the resolutions of respect, to the memory of the late F. L. Smith, Esq., to the Circuit Court of the Corporation:

We are called upon to mourn the loss of a good man, and to pay tribute to the virtues and ability of one of the most honored of our profession. Since the close of the war, death has been very busy with our little circle, and in this, as in other cases, has been true to his traditional love for a shining mark.

It is not my purpose to make use of this sad dispensation as an occasion for indulging in formal eulogy or high sounding panegyric—such a perversion of the proprieties of this memorial hour would be more than useless, and scarcely less than sacrilege. The occasion is too solemn—too sacred to be

desecrated by unmeaning rhetoric or fulsome adulation. Death—death has stalked into our midst, laid his icy hand upon the proudest form of you all, and borne him along his terrible way—and we shall never again see the familiar face in the land of the living! But memory will preserve the charms of that courtly presence, the tones of that silvery voice, the benignity of that kindly smile, the magic of that genial sympathy, the ambition of an active intellect, the type of professional honor, the example of a blameless life, and the power of a godly faith—and God be praised for the gift of memory—the sanctuary which enshrines, and the monument which will perpetuate the graces and virtues of our loved and lost brother!

When I was a youth, I occasionally attended the sessions of the United States Circuit Court, for the County of Alexandria, held in this City. It was here that I first knew Mr. Smith. He was then in the pride of his manhood, and in the vigor of his intellect. As the associate and competitor of Walter Jones, James M. Carlisle, Joseph H. Bradley, Philip R. Fendall, Henry Winter Davis and others—for there were giants in those days—he was distinguished for his manly graces, professional devotion, subtle reasoning and persuasive eloquence. With the self-reliance of profound conviction—not yet affected by that experience which teaches distrust of all legal conclusions, he was bold without dogmatism, and aggressive without temerity. If I were called upon to state what I considered the striking characteristic of Mr. Smith as a lawyer, I should say that it was the power of apprehending the whole strength and force of his side of the case, and the faculty of ignoring the strength and force of

the other side. The strength of the adversary never shook his confidence or embarassed his efforts. His belief in his case amounted to an enthusiasm—he believed, he felt, all that he said, and the vehemence of his convictions forced them upon others, and it was because of this fact that his closing arguments were always so dangerous to his opponent. No one who practiced with Mr. Smith could fail to be struck by the zeal and ardor which characterized his management of a case, the ingenuity with which he concealed the weakness of his own side, and the merciless criticism with which he exposed the weakness of the other side. He always became thoroughly identified with his cause, and when defeated, although the dignity of his resignation, disarmed the spirit of exultation which the fierceness of the contest naturally inspired, yet he was not able to disguise the fact that he felt that truth and justice did not always prevail. With such fidelity, skill and energy, it is not surprising that Mr. Smith was a successful lawyer; successful in being admitted to the front rank of his profession; successful in reaping the true substantial rewards of his merit. But time does not permit me to dwell upon the professional qualities of the lamented deceased. I now turn to contemplate him in those relations and qualities in which he was a model,—I had almost said a miracle!

As husband, father, friend, gentleman, he had no superior, and where shall we find his peer? Though not intimately acquainted with Mr. Smith in the most sacred of these relations, I should have been unobservant, indeed, if I had not seen enough of his domestic virtues to command my most profound respect, and inspire my most ardent admiration.

A husband of two score years, with all the tenderness and devotion of a bridegroom, a father of sons and daughters grown to maturity, yet cherished in the paternal heart with joy as proud and extatic as when it thrilled to the natal cry of his first born! A friend, whose courteous intimacy never degenerated into vulgar familiarity, and a gentleman whom no emergency, however unexpected or surprising, could startle from the most exemplary propriety!

It is, alas, too often the case that in speaking of our departed friends, while commemorating their virtues we are compelled to draw a veil over their frailties, to offset that which can not be excused by enumerating some excellence with which it was associated. We speak of a brilliant intellect which might have blazed with glory but for some appetite or passion which clouded or paralyzed it, and thus we offset that which we deplore by contrasting it with what all must admire.

But in the case of him whom we now honor, there is no such painful necessity for contrast or comparison. He was a wise man without egotism; a brave man without vaunting; a good man without ostentation, and whether we contemplate him as a gentleman, a lawyer or a citizen, detraction stands hushed in the presence of his pure and spotless life, and simple justice wreathes his memory in garlands of rarest beauty and fragrance, all flowers, unmingled with a single thorn!

O! what a heritage of honor has this good man left to his bereaved family! What an example has he set to us—to every one of us—in the manner of his living, and in his faith, by which he shall live forever more!

You young men, in the vigor of youth or pride of manhood,

ambitious of that success in your profession, which is the result of honorable emulation, that disdain to stoop to trick or chance, behold in our departed brother the impersonation of your fondest ideal; and you, more advanced in life, who would wear the honors you have achieved with that grace which catches radiance from the inner life hid with Christ in God, hearken to the words of holy courage, which he, though dead, still speaketh unto you!

Mr. Chairman, and brothers of our noble profession, I confess that I am carried away with my theme, which invites me to trespass beyond the limited time allowed me, but I must forbear to deprive others of the opportunity of festooning with their richer garlands, the tomb of our departed friend. He has gone, and goodness and he fill up one monument! But good deeds—right living—can never die. You may, you must bury the shattered vase in which the precious aroma of a virtuous life has been expressed, but you cannot destroy its fragrance. That life will go on living and shining down the ages to come, lighting up the dark paths of other wayfarers in life's dreary pilgrimage, with its bright halo, and converting the unhealthy exhalations of vicious nature into an atmosphere as pure as that breathed in Eden before the fall!

Such a life leaves foot-prints in the sands of time, to teach others how sublime a thing being is, when consecrated to the noble ends for which it was created! Such a life was that of our lamented brother. May its influence upon our lives prove our appreciation of this excellence which his illustrated, so that when others are called upon—one by one—to perform for us these sad rites they may be able to speak—lovingly—of virtues, which, though imperfect, as everything human must be, were yet unblemished by a single vice!

[From The Alexandria Gazette May 30th, 1877.]

## THE LATE F. L. SMITH.

In the United States Circuit Court, Judge R. W. Hughes presiding, this morning Mr. S. F. Beach presented the resolutions of respect to the memory of the late Francis L. Smith, adopted at the meeting of the bar, and asked that they be spread on the minutes. Judge Hughes, in reply, made the following remarks, which he ordered to be entered with the resolutions:

I was distressed to see the unexpected announcement in the newspapers, of the death of the deceased. When here but a short time before, I had seen him at his home, and had thought that he had many years of usefulness and happiness yet before him. A life which had been so well spent as his could not fail to have brought an old age of contentment and honor. I am sure there was no citizen of Alexandria who was held in more general respect and affection by every class than Mr. Smith; and there was, certainly, no member of the bar more widely known and esteemed than he. I can call to mind none more fully endowed with all the qualities which adorn the lawyer. I participate deeply in the feeling, common to every member of the Bar who knew him, that we have individually sustained a personal loss in his death. He was one of the best examples to the world and its members of what our profession ought to be, and I take pride in making the order requested.

## UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT,

Judge R. W. Hughes *presiding.*

The resolutions of respect to the memory of the late F. L. Smith were presented to the Court, ordered to be spread on the minutes, and the Court adjourned until to-morrow morning, at 10 o'clock.

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The will of the late Francis L. Smith was admitted to probate in the Circuit Court to-day. It is dated in 1856, and bequeaths his entire estate to his wife, and appoints her his executrix.

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[From The Capital, Washington, D. C., May 13th, 1877.]

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER, Esq.

### OBITUARY.

Died, in Alexandria, Virginia, on the morning of Thursday, the 10th of May, 1877, Francis L. Smith, Sr.

Death is always terrible, and the awful simplicity of the ever-told story that records the end of one's earthly career strikes a chord in the heart of every one attuned to melancholy and quickening grief; it tells of a void in some hearts that can never be replaced, an anguish in some souls as old as time is, but ever new and repeated. In recording the death of this gentleman, we find the announcement unutterably sad; our sincerest sympathy turns not so much to him

who is gone before, as to those whom he has left behind, removed from their midst where he shone with so many virtues, so honored and beloved.

Mr. Francis L. Smith was in truth that noblest work of God, an honest man and a gentleman in all the thoroughness of that title that refinement, ancestry and a christian life creates and perfects. Throughout the years of his long, brilliant life, his name and reputation were as replete with respect and undisturbed as a full-flowing river of pure gold; a man upright and pure of life, beyond his well-known ability as a lawyer and his noble character as a man. Those peculiarly sacred virtues of the husband and father in domestic life show super-eminent, as strangely lustrous and beautiful as a star of marked and mystic radiance.

In the circle of his own family the complete accord and sweetness of his nature was only to be perfectly seen and appreciated; as a patriarch of old, he fashioned his life within those holy precincts to represent, by analogy, the guiding hand of that other Father, whose minister he was at the domestic altar.

In the world he was known as a man of eminent professional ability, honored as a gentleman of stern, steadfast integrity of life, and blessed for all those virtues that constitute a man and gentleman.

To his bereaved family, crushed beneath this great and irreparable loss, we tender the most heartfelt sympathy, and all who knew him join with us in its expression. In their hour of sorrow, He only who knew with them the perfect soul of the deceased can lift them from their grief in this their day of supreme suffering.

[From The Richmond Dispatch, May 15th, 1877.]

We publish in our obituary column a touching and appropriate tribute to the memory of Francis L. Smith, Esq., of Alexandria, a lawyer of conspicuous eminence, and a citizen of exalted worth—one whose virtuous and exemplary life reflected honor upon his native State.

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## OBITUARY.

Gently entered into rest on the morning of Thursday, May 10th, 1877, Francis Lee Smith, of Alexandria, Va.

In recording the death of this pure man it gives us pleasure to pay a tribute of respect to one, who in the varied relations of life, was found faithful in all. Born in Warrenton, Va., on the 25th day of November, 1808, he passed his youth among the hills of Fauquier, and on entering manhood graduated in law at the Winchester Law School. In 1838 he removed, with a young family, to Louisville, Ky., where he attained uncommon success in his profession, and had the prospect of a brilliant career. Circumstances, in which the affections more than interest weighed, brought him in a few years again to Virginia as his home, where for nearly forty years he had been a successful practitioner of his chosen profession.

Possessing a mind of a superior order, stimulated by unusual cultivation and devoted application, he stood in the foremost rank of the Bar, and from the Bench and among his brother-lawyers was equally respected and admired.

He belonged to that rare and quickly-fading *régime* of the old Virginia gentleman, and his graceful address, his noble

presence, and his gentle consideration of all ages and all classes, will long live in the memory of those privileged to know him.

As a man of pure and spotless reputation, of unfaltering fidelity to duty and truth, he has left a touching example of human superiority, brightened and enhanced by vital piety.

He has gone, and left a weeping and idolatrous family, for whose aching hearts there seems no balm. The tears, the agony of separation, and the inconsolable grief of his stricken ones attest to the world his faultless and unselfish life.

May such an example of daily sacrifice of pleasure to duty, not be lost! May it rest in the hearts of many a youth of our State, and, inspiring modest worth to nobler ends, bloom a perpetual flower to his memory!

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[From The Southern Churchman, May 17th, 1877.]

Early on the morning of Ascension Day, the spirit of Francis Lee Smith soared above to the God who gave it, leaving behind many hearts filled with the desolation of woe. The beautiful sunshine he so loved and longed for during his last days breathed peace and glory, and the deep-hued heavens seemed nearer and deeper and purer for the beautiful soul which had just entered the golden gates. It did not seem like death which is so often attended with great physical torture and lingering pain; he laid down, for the last time, his weary frame in the home he had honored and loved, surrounded by his nearest and dearest, to wake in the morning and answer his heavenly Father's summons to join the white-

robed angels; to hear his Saviour's welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

He was born in Warrenton, Virginia, on the 25th day of November, 1808, studied law with Judge Tucker, in Winchester, and, after being admitted to the Bar, he practiced his profession for a time in Luray, Page County; he then came to Alexandria, where he married and soon moved to Louisville. For the past thirty years Alexandria has been his home; he has gone in and out among these people, loved by many, admired and respected by all.

The world attaches but little significance to any life, except those of its heroes and benefactors; its mighty intellects and splendid conquerors. But these are and must ever be in the minority. It is not continual excitement, political preferment, distinguished services, brilliant success that make up the sum total of a true and noble life; the brave heart that bows before adversity and trouble, that dutiful submission to a heavenly Father's will—this it is which directs and ennobles all God's other gifts, and this was the key-note to Mr. Smith's character which held his other lovely qualities in sweetest harmony. None could associate with him without being elevated, and his children felt that, while within reach of his influence, they could not go so far astray. It was like the deep channel of a river, flowing steadily onward, stirring the surrounding waters, and purifying even the glistening ripples that curl along the shore.

There are few persons who have more nearly attained the full measure of that noblest work of God—a perfect man—possessed of rare mental faculties, a keen sense of justice, a strong, brave soul, above the petty meannesses of human

nature, yet willing to forgive them in others, and a heart as tender and compassionate as a woman's. To the world he was ever the polished gentleman and loyal citizen; in his social relations he carried with him an air of culture, ease and refinement which betokened his gentle birth, endearing himself to every one by his genial, winning manners and noble presence. In his home he was the embodiment of all that makes a devoted husband, gentle brother, tender parent and kind master; living for others, shedding all around him the sweet influence of his sunny disposition, his unselfishness was like the pure flame of the midnight lamp, brightening every object with its mellow light, casting only a shadow around itself.

His life was one of toil from beginning to end—toil for the maintenance of himself and family, full of struggles, self-sacrifices and weary labor for those he loved, but it was gladdened by the boundless love, untiring devotion and tender care of his wife and children. Few homes have been so happy, so blest, few families so united.

He has gone to his last home; and as he was ever the first here on earth to welcome with benedictions and loving words, so will he stand on the shining shore, waiting, with outstretched arms, to clasp to his heart each one of his dear ones as they cross the dark river.

What a beautiful example he has left us to follow—an honored name, a stainless life, walking ever in the path of duty, glorifying his Maker, prepared to meet his God at any moment. Long will his memory be cherished in the hearts of all who knew him, and his gentle, loving influence will still linger with his loved ones to comfort and sustain them.

Lead kindly light amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on ;
The night is dark and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

L. E. S.

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## FAIRFAX CIRCUIT COURT.

FAIRFAX, C. H., *June 19th*, 1877.

Before adjournment, on motion of THOMAS MOORE, seconded by THOMAS R. LOVE, Esq., the resolutions adopted by the Bar of Alexandria were ordered to be entered of record on the minutes of the Court, as a mark of respect to the memory of the late FRANCIS L. SMITH, so much respected, yea loved by every member of the Bar here. A copy of the order was ordered to be certified to the family of the deceased.—*Letter to Alexandria Gazette.*

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At a Circuit Court, continued and held for the County of Fairfax, in the State of Virginia, on Friday, the fifteenth day of June, A. D. 1877.

The Bar of the Court, assembled upon the occasion of the death of FRANCIS L. SMITH, for many years its most prominent member, in testimony of their great esteem for him in life, and their sense of the loss which they suffer in his death, on

the motion of THOMAS MOORE, Esq., a member thereof, unanimously adopted the following resolutions, viz.:

*Resolved*, That we have received, with deep sorrow, the intelligence of the death of FRANCIS L. SMITH, for thirty years and more the leading practitioner in the Courts of this County, and we recognize in the sad event a great loss, not only to our own body, but to the community at large.

*Resolved*, That Purity, Fidelity and high regard for Honor and Truth, are conspicuous throughout the record of his private, public and professional life, and make it a record to be contemplated with pleasure, and to be studied with profit.

*Resolved*, That the personal virtues and excellencies of character are deeply impressed upon us; that we cherish warmly the recollections of our intercourse and relations with him socially, and though we now take final leave of him in the body, he will continue to remain ever present with us in memory.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be communicated to the family of the deceased, by the Clerk of this Court.

[A Copy]

Teste:

F. D. RICHARDSON,
*Clerk of said Court.*

F. W. RICHARDSON,
*Deputy Clerk of said Court.*

FAIRFAX, C. H., VA., *June 16th*, 1877.

The following tribute of affection, was sent to his distant friends:

FRANCIS LEE SMITH,

BORN

IN WARRENTON, VA.,

November 25th, 1808.

DIED

IN ALEXANDRIA, VA.,

May 10th, 1877.

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On the morning of the 10th of May, 1877, in the home which his presence had hallowed and endeared, the spirit of Francis Lee Smith was called to a glorious immortality.

In the unimpaired possession of all his faculties, with a mind undimmed by the shadow of Death, and a noble physique unmarred by the external ravages of disease, (for the hand of the destroyer had worked subtly and unseen), the thread of life was cut, and with scarce a moment's warning, the head, the light, the staff of a happy family was suddenly removed.

A life so full of pure and noble purpose, of unfaltering devotion to duty, and of self-abnegation almost beyond the power of selfish human nature to understand, affords much of beauty and instruction to those who follow after.

Through a long and useful career, his was an absolute consecration of time and talents to those dependent upon him, adding ever those sweet amenities of intercourse which so peculiarly enhance the charm of social and domestic life.

In the varied public and private trusts confided to him, his scrupulous protection of the interests of others, often at the sacrifice of his own, was always conspicuous, and the many testimonials to his worth and fidelity from clients of high and low degree are touching tributes to his memory.

He was the poor man's friend; the compassionate champion of struggling youth; the kind and the courteous to all.

Superior talents, enriched by long and arduous study, gave him a high rank at the Bar; and half the story of his life would be untold if his untiring devotion to his profession for nearly half a century was not recorded here.

Early and late he toiled at the tangled skein of Law and Equity, and with a sensitive appreciation of Truth, he spent his days a votary at her altar.

As a lawyer, he combined the graceful persuasion of eloquence with the force and logic of legal argument, strengthening the power of both with a voice that was rich and clear, and musical. And though that voice will plead no more for justice, and that honest hand be never again stretched out in appeal for the oppressed, the recollection of this spotless and

successful veteran of the Law will long linger in the hearts of those associated with him.

The prosperity of his native State was ever on his heart, and some of her most important public works were early fostered and advanced by him. He suffered with her in her times of trouble, and earnestly longed to see her waste places again "to blossom as the rose."

To those who knew him best he was the embodiment of what is most exalted in human nature; a constant incentive to purity and holiness; and few could come within his gentle and impressive presence without breathing a finer atmosphere, and laying aside for a time the dust and soil of common life.

The world is poorer for the loss of such a man, who having served God in his generation has now been gathered to his fathers; having the testimony of a good conscience; in the communion of the Catholic Church; in the confidence of a certain faith; in the comfort of a reasonable, religious and holy hope; in favor with Heaven, and in perfect charity with the world.



# FAMILY TRIBUTES.



## "OUT OF THE DEEP."



IT is my sad but sacred privilege to open these simple yet touching tributes of affection to the exalted worth and lovely character of my honored and beloved Husband—Francis L. Smith. On the morning of May 10th, 1877, God took him to Himself, and left us a deeply smitten family, in a home he had so long sanctified by his presence and gentle teachings. Blessed with his faithful love and protection for more than forty years, who can so well attest his many virtues and spotless life? Enshrined in the hearts of his family and friends, the memory of such a man can never die, but his bright example and wise counsels will ever be kept in glowing remembrance. Gifted with rare abilities, matured and developed by a rich and varied experience, with an ardent enthusiasm, and a nature finely attuned to the beautiful and good, he was singularly attractive to all classes of society. In the halls of justice he lived and labored. His wonderful sagacity and keen perception in the subtle mysteries of his profession often achieved success when others had abandoned

the pursuit. He stood pre-eminent before the highest tribunals of his country, and had his youthful aspirations been indulged, might have won high preferment in the public councils of the nation. But his life was consecrated to those he loved best, and with a divine self-abnegation, he toiled early and late, and by precept and daily example, taught his children the best lessons of piety and virtue. He was an humble Christian, and exemplified in life and death his faith in God and sure trust in his Saviour. His noble influence and usefulness were felt throughout a widely extended sphere, and his deeds of charity and love are written in many a grateful heart. Years may roll on, and seasons may come and go, yet, in my sad heart will ever bloom the memory of a first and early love, tender and warm in youth, grown deeper and more profound, and which will last until Time is lost in Eternity!

SARAH G. SMITH.

ON the tenth of May the spirit of my dear father was taken up into heaven, there to rest until all are called. The sad news brought to me by telegraph was so sudden as to stun me; but, alas! he was gone, and without my seeing (except in death) that sweet face which so often had smiled on me in childhood, youth and manhood. Well do I call to mind his nobleness of character, how he doted on his children, how he spent his life for them, and with them, and died as he lived, the noblest man I ever knew.

When I was about to leave the old family mansion for the Military Institute, he called me into his library, and after saying some pleasant words of advice as to my conduct, he ended with this: "My son, write on the walls of your room the latin motto, '*Noscitur a Sociis*:" (We are known by our companions). This made a great impression on me, and has often saved me from an unworthy acquaintance. Any thing of good in life I have accomplished I attribute in a great measure to the counsel of my dear father; he was ever ready to assist in any way he could, and his advice was always sound. Truly can it be said—the ablest jurist in Virginia has gone; who died as he lived, without one vice, and his name will long live in the hearts of his family and countrymen. Let those of us left behind try to emulate his great

virtues; pre-eminent among them was to "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." His feeling for the suffering of others was most acute, and I have seen him deeply moved even at the trials of those he did not know.

Had my dear father been known to the outside world as I knew him, they would reverence his memory even more than now; his veneration for the memory of his parents was beautiful, though gone to their rest some half century, and he never spoke of them save in a lovely and filial manner.

Few ever had such a father, and though time will wear on, I shall ever honor and cherish his name and example, which I trust will be handed down to his descendants.

I could go on and recite his greatness and goodness, but his unblemished name, and his standing among men of all grades and stations is fully known and established.

When, however, the Almighty ruler of events called unto himself the spirit of Francis L. Smith, he left the world poorer, and took unto himself a truly devoted christian man, who loved his God, and others more than himself. May his great goodness, loveliness and christian charity, be engraved on the hearts of his children and their posterity.

L. JAQUELIN SMITH.



"Also now, behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high."

IT is the object of the following brief and imperfect outline, to give some idea of a life that was so hallowed by holy uses as to leave a lesson of instruction to all, especially to those whose privilege it is now to mourn as well as to admire.

My father was born on the 25th day of November, 1808, in the town of Warrenton, Fauquier County, Va. The events of his life were well calculated to train him to that unusual intellectual development and complete moral symmetry which made him so eminent in his profession, and so admirable in all the varied relations of life. His father, Mr. John A. W. Smith, was a man of good ability and uncommon worth, and his mother, Maria Love Hawkins Smith, was a loving and sensible woman. Of this dear mother he was early deprived, and often has he told, with tearful eye, of how, when absent at school, the old family servant one day appeared, to bear him to her dying bed, and that, after riding all night on horseback, he reached his home too late to see again, in life, her to whom he was so fondly devoted.

A few years later on his father died, and he was left at the head of a large and dependent family. In the discipline of poverty his noble nature took its firm root, and while struggling for those he loved, though scarcely grown to man's estate, he revealed a character of uncommon strength and purity. In youth, he began to think of others before the claims of self were ever allowed, and then was laid the foundation of that beautiful trait which time only deepened and perfected. Of all the many virtues which made my father's character so harmonious, his self-forgetfulness was the crowning grace. It was the thread that twined in glowing patterns through the tapestry of his life; 'tis the golden framing of its unfading imagery. Several of his brothers and sisters were educated and supported out of his hardly-earned savings, and all were helped substantially with his means and by his growing influence. A sentiment of the poet which he often repeated, aptly illustrates his youthful aspirations.

"To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile
Assiduous wait upon her,
And gather gear with every wile
That's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Or for a train attendant—
But, for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

When years had turned his chestnut hair to silver, he would love to gather his children round him, and in the evening of his days narrate the story of "life's morning march." These precious memories come over us now with irresistible pathos, and dim our eyes with tender recollection.

> "Such hours are not the prey of setting suns,
> Nor ever blurred with mist of after-thought;
> They mingle with our life's ethereal part,
> By beauty's franchise, disenthralled of time."

After graduating with distinction at Judge TUCKER's Law School, in Winchester, my father's first experience at the Bar was in Luray, Page County, where he settled before the age of twenty-one. Here, he was soon made Commonwealth's Attorney, and secured many friends by his marked ability, genial manners and industrious habits. The ample page of nature was in this mountain region ever before his eyes, and amidst the stern, wild and solitary primeval forests, or more gentle and picturesque scenery, he drew his poetic inspiration and love of the beautiful. He had an exquisite perception of the beauties of external nature, and a soul attuned to her most mysterious harmonies. At this time he stored his mind with a general culture that was a source of unceasing pleasure, and of which the engrossing cares of heavy professional labors, in after years, somewhat precluded

the pursuit. His knowledge of the political and military history of his country was accurate and extensive, and to the last, few fresh from academic shades could compete with him in attainments in polite literature.

Each step in my father's life now was—a progress; and every blow removed some obstacle to his advancement. It was about this period that he first made the acquaintance of my mother, then Miss Sarah G. Vowell, of Alexandria. She has often been described as a young lady of great sweetness of disposition, unusual wit and intellectual brightness, combined with rare personal beauty, all of which charms have only increased and been mellowed under the maturing hand of time. After a courtship of seven years my father made her his wife on the 13th of April, 1836, and I may say that their union has been a perfect marriage. Through forty-one years of eventful experiences my father ever maintained, as a husband, that courtly deference of manner and unvarying devotion, which marked him as a lover. The day before he was called from earth, he took my mother's hand, and with a look of inexpressible tenderness repeated the prophetic words:

> "As the sun-flower turns to her god, when he sets,
> The same look which she turned when he rose."

And well has this dear mother deserved the admiration and reverence of husband and children! Sheltered in the bosom

of her family, the world cannot fully know the greatness of her soul; but we, who have lain upon her breast in infancy, and have poured into her listening ear our joys and our sorrows through all the rough way of life, we appreciate—albeit are poorly able to express—the priceless value of her love. Much more could here be said, but we hesitate to shock the delicacy of living worth by dwelling too freely upon the beauties of a character as rare as it is exalted.

After my father's marriage, he settled for a short while in Warrenton, Va., but a strong desire to try his fortunes in the West had taken possession of him, and in January, 1837, with his young wife, he crossed the Alleghanies, and made his home in Louisville, Ky. In this prosperous city he met with singular success, and there began to reap a harvest of applause from his peculiar talent for public speaking. He was an old line whig, and as the spirit of politics was then running high, his acquaintance grew rapidly, and he was invited to address the people at Lexington and other neighboring cities, to instruct them upon the issues of the day. The intoxicating cup of popular approval was offered to his lips, and a brilliant career seemed opening to him. But the fear that a public life would draw him too much from home, induced my mother to use her potent influence against it, and just at the threshold of this new and tempting arena, she turned his feet aside

and led him back to old Virginia. Before their return a delegation of the most prominent citizens of Louisville called upon her, and offering to send my father to Congress, used every persuasion to induce her to remain. But, my dear mother, impelled by a dread of the fascinations of political life, held firm to her resolve; besides, she had aged parents in Virginia who longed for her society. To make her happy, my father, with an unselfishness few men would have shown, yielded the bright prospect in Kentucky, and cast his lot in the quiet old town of Alexandria. Here he spent his ripened manhood and his honored old age; here, sons and daughters were born to him, and here the greater part of his work in life was done; here he labored and served, and here, having fallen asleep, the loveliest tributes to his memory have been paid. Here he was admired, respected and beloved, though his noble and useful life was known and felt far beyond, and *here* his sacred ashes rest.

It would be impossible to follow step by step the incidents of his career, or tell how every year brought higher trusts, weightier responsibilities, and wider influence. He took an active interest in the internal improvements of his State; was sent to the Legislature; was mainly instrumental in the retrocession of Alexandria to Virginia, wrote and procured the Charter of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and was

one of its most active advocates for many years. In all good works that called for public spirit he was prominent, as well as in those more hidden acts of charity where his left hand knew not what his right hand did.

The increase of his influence kept pace with the growth of his mind, and the devolopment of his character. He was diligent in his calling, and faithful to the interests entrusted to him. His professional bearing was manly and elevated, and he blended the dignity of mature life with the ardour and energy of youth. He always had the attention of the Court, and the ear of the jury. His addresses to them were simple and direct, presenting the strong points of a case in a strong way, appealing to the reason and conscience, and not to the passions and prejudices of men.

He was a safe counsellor and a powerful advocate, thorough in the preparation of causes, and judicious in their management. His legal learning was accurate and perfectly at command, and he had made himself familiar with many of the most difficult branches of the law. His manner was always graceful and often eloquent, and his voice remarkable for its depth and silvery sweetness. The uniform respect and courtesy with which he treated the Bench and the Bar never varied through a practice of half a century, and the consideration which he showed to others was always extended in large measure to himself.

The current of his life had flowed in even channels until the year 1861, when the cloud of War broke over this then unhappy Country. My father was opposed to secession, and cast his vote against the candidate who represented this doctrine in the Virginia Convention of 1861. This body, however, passed the ordinance of secession in the Spring of 1861, and the Old Dominion united her fortunes with her sister States of the South. When it became evident that war could not be avoided, my father, without a moment's hesitation, joined heart and hand with his own people, and like a wise man, accepted the inevitable. He earnestly endorsed the Southern cause, and none were more loyal, and few suffered more for the same than he.

Early in May, 1861, anticipating some trouble upon the border, my father removed his family from Alexandria to his farm, Bloomsgrove, in Prince William County. Being near Manassas Junction, which began even then to be a military centre, the encroachments of our own army soon drove us from this quiet retreat. Then began our refugee life, and from May, 1861, to September 2d, 1865, we kept due West, steadily following a setting sun that was doomed to go down amid "vapors and clouds and storms."

From Bloomsgrove we went to Warrenton, where we remained until March, 1862, when the evacuation of Manassas by our troops rendered a move into the interior of the State

necessary. From thence we went to Charlottesville, but here the impossibility of procuring fuel and provisions drove us still farther into the mountains. In the early Summer of 1862 we finally located in Liberty, where for two years we had a lovely, quiet and comfortable residence beneath the shadow of the "Peaks of Otter." My dear father always provided for his family in the most lavish way, and even in those days of trial and privation, gave us an independent home, always the necessities, and, when he could, the luxuries of life. The more fully to accomplish this, he opened his Law Office in Richmond, where he obtained a very remunerative practice. Once a week he came to see us, and often in so doing was exposed to wind and weather, and all the uncertainties of travel in a country in a state of active war. The time of his return to us was a season of rejoicing, for the full sunshine would fade out of the house with his receding footsteps, and only beam again upon us with his coming.

He always came laden with gifts for his dear ones, of which the sweetest and best was his dear presence, and in these joyful re-unions none were so happy as he, the sun of our little system, who radiated light and love and peace on all.

Through life his heart and hand were ever open, lavishing upon his children the amplest means of education (of whose priceless value he often spoke), and continually planning in-

dulgences for their gratification and enjoyment. As a father, he united the tenderness of a woman with the strength and dignity of a man.

Finding these long trips to Bedford were too great a tax upon his time and health, he determined to buy a place nearer to Richmond. He succeeded in purchasing a comfortable home at Amelia C. H., and here, in the Spring of 1864, we took up our abode. The period of our residence at this last point, from May, 1864, to September, 1865, was fraught with some of the most dramatic scenes in the close of a great War.

In this sequestered region we were doomed to see our retreating army (the victors of a hundred well-fought fields,) slowly and sadly fade from our view, and here, first to know the agony of a lost cause.

Through all the trying scenes of those trying days, my father bore himself with Christian fortitude. Returning to his former home in Alexandria, in September, 1865, he found all his property confiscated, and that his residence had been a United States hospital for four years.

Nothing daunted, he started afresh in his work of labor and love for his family. When Richmond was burned in 1865, he lost his valuable Law Library, estimated at $10,000. This was a real trial, for the collection had been identified with his whole career as a lawyer, and the old familiar books had been his time-worn friends. But now, new books sup-

plied the places of the old, and with a mind undismayed by the surrounding chaos, my dear father again put his shoulder to the wheel, and spent the last twelve years of his life in unremitting toil.

The stream flowed calmly now, even to the fall, when it entered the great ocean of Eternity.

My dear father had always been a firm believer in the Christian religion, and long before he united himself with St. Paul's Episcopal Church, at Alexandria, his life had been an exemplification of its holy doctrines. His habits were singularly temperate, eschewing all forms of tobacco, and never taking any stimulant unless forced upon him by medical advice. He strongly counselled abstinence from the "wine cup," and as a Christian and a gentleman his moderation was known unto all men, for he ever "wore the white flower of a blameless life."

And here, it may be well to speak of the beautiful lessons of piety and virtue which my father was wont, in his kind and gentle way, to give his children. With a rare and tender touch of sympathy he drew their young affections to him, and by precept and example daily taught the highest principles that can animate humanity. So, it can be truly said, that every noble sentiment, every lofty aspiration, and every worthy act of those loved children, have been the harvest of seed sown by his wise hand and my dear mother's. Together

they sacrificed for their family ; together they wove schemes of hope and usefulness for them, and together they are entwined in our heart of hearts. Death cannot separate their pious life-work, or Time destroy its holy partnership !

For a year or two, previous to his final summons, my dear father had been more or less delicate, but this fact, though it greatly distressed, did not seriously alarm us. It pained us to see him like a caged bird, cut off from his usual routine of active outside duties, but his confinement to the house brought us so much pleasure, that the *cause* was lost in our selfish enjoyment. Alas! when happy, how securely we sleep in the dark shadows which ought to warn us of the clouds that are gathering unseen ! In patient endurance he bore the cross laid upon him, cheering and consoling all around, and never murmuring at "the heavy weight of hours that chained and bowed" his eagle spirit. He suffered in silence —but he died in triumph. Like a star he passed away, his light still shining.

A more than usually severe attack of oppression on his chest had kept him a prisoner in the house the last fortnight of his dear life, though he was every day in his library, and presided at the table at each meal. The day before he was called away, however, he did not rise as usual. In the morning he spoke of the uncertainty of life, and touchingly dwelt upon subjects too sacred for narration here. In the afternoon

he rose, and seated in his arm chair, conversed as clearly and as beautifully as ever in his life. By a strange coincidence he talked of the soothing influence of *sleep*, and repeated lines from various poets descriptive of its healing power. Happily the hours glided by that soft and balmy afternoon. Peace, written on his calm and lofty brow, shed its halo all around; on the green earth and in the blue sky we read only —peace; and like a dove it nestled in our hearts, whispering "be still."

But the end had come! and on the 10th of May, at six o'clock, as the gates of the morning were rolling back, a voice from heaven sounded in our home; "God's finger touched him, and he slept." Without "one longing ling'ring look behind" he crossed the dark river, and ere his stricken family could realize the truth, he had laid his earthly burden down, and was resting on the other side! That great heart which had been the pillow of our weary heads in childhood, and our secure haven from all the storms of life, lay cold and still, its eager throbbings hushed, its pains all gone, and his emancipated spirit gathered forever into "the bosom of his Father and his God."

Such an end is like that strange mid-summer's day, where sunset melts into sunrise, and the last ray of evening is caught up, and appears once more as the first beam of the new morning.

And now, the arm on which we leaned has perished, the noble form been given back to dust, the spirit returned to God who gave it, and we who delighted to honor him in life are here in this memorial volume to honor him in death.

The blessing of his life is now our imperishable possession; a completed power whose influence on his family can never die, and whose wider range for good can only be estimated in another and a better world. There, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, will the promise be fulfilled, "and "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firm- "ament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the "stars, forever and ever."

There too will our blessed father be with those who "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood "of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, "and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that "sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall "hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the "sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is "in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead "them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe "away all tears from their eyes."

What a glorious change for the care-worn pilgrim of Earth! the corruptible for the incorruptible; the mortal for the immortal; the militant for the triumphant! the storms and

clouds, the swelling tides, the burning suns, the rugged heights, the dust and sand and stones of life's journey, for the green pastures and still waters, the unending *rest* of heaven!

But though his relations to us as a father and friend have terminated forever, and that sacred part of our life's history has been sealed with the signet of eternity, yet this most bitter knowledge finds partial consolation in the thought, that as one circle of duties has ended, another has begun. 'Tis true we can no longer give to him our devoted affection and confidence, or ever again offer to him the ministry of loving hands; still are left to us memory and gratitude, and the holy office of keeping watch by his quiet head-stone; *remembering always*, that our last, best service is to follow his godly example, and "faint yet pursuing," to keep fresh the foot-prints of his life in ours!

Over his green grave an angel seems to stand in silent waiting; his awful hand ready upon the seal of the sepulchre to release from its icy bounds him who now sleeps in Jesus. In this final redemption of the body Faith finds an anchor for the bleeding heart, and covers with holy sunshine the heaving turf. For what says the greatest of the Apostles? "I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them "which are asleep, that you sorrow not, even as others which "have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose

"again, even so, them which sleep in Jesus will God bring "with Him." And so, looking unto *the end*, we are comforted. The grave is but a small part of eternity, and we, who have laid the form of our loved one in the bosom of the earth, will soon together rest with him in hope, awaiting the coming of our Lord.

The hours may melt into days, the days into weeks, and months and years; the seasons may circle and crown the revolving earth with beauty and joy and gladness; the old may pass from sight, the young grow old; yet will not thy sweet memory fade from my loving, human heart, O, my father! 'till pulseless it moulders beneath the sod that covers thine!

Farewell! thou Crown of Life to me!
What more I feel, I leave unsaid
Nor speak it; save, that Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

MAGGIE V. SMITH.

I DEVOTE a quiet Sabbath morning to a most melancholy duty, feeling how unworthily any words can express an estimate of my dear father's exalted character, spotless life and useful career.

Since the fatal news of the tenth of last May apprized me that his mortal sufferings were over, and the attending events of his burial, I have dwelt incessantly upon our intercourse, recalling events from the time I was a lisping child to the present moment. How can I recur to those relations without feelings of infinite pride and pleasure. With an experience of twenty-five years in the world, I look in vain for his counterpart in parental excellence.

From my heart, I indite this feeble tribute to the virtues of a father, whose worth and memory, I pray God, may remain green in my recollection to my dying day. Possessed of a most amiable character—I should rather say angelic nature—his every impulse was nobility; inspiration, high and lofty, and his forgiveness divine. His suavity of manner conciliated the most unapproachable, and should be a lesson to his children for all time. It would smooth the pathway of each and every one of them through this vale of tears, and save them many a pang and heart-ache.

How sad to think that I shall never see him again; never more hear the kind and gentle tones of his silvery voice, his assuring words of encouragement and comfort, his timely and useful words of wisdom. In looking back over the whole of my past life I can recall nothing but kindness at his hands, and the indulgence of a fond and doting parent.

A lawyer of the most devoted application, untiring energy and diligent industry, *he has left a record* rarely equalled, seldom attained. During a long and successful practice, the various interests entrusted to his care always received his closest personal attention, and some now living could well testify that they owe all they possess to his intelligent and indefatigable efforts in their behalf. What a satisfaction to his family to know that his unflinching integrity and sterling honesty, and the results of his whole professional life, called forth such glowing eulogies from his legal brethren, whilom professional rivals; all jealousies suspended, all envies dropped, uniting to show their meed of praise, and drop a tear to the memory of their chief—a great man fallen in Israel! Let these attest the esteem in which he was held by those he daily met in legal warfare.

Well may it be said of him, as was said of Mr. Calhoun, "He has passed through the fire, and not even the hem of his "garment has been touched."

Full of sympathy for his kind, he was particularly tender-

hearted towards the little ones of earth, and I can recall many an instance of seeing him all tears at the recollection of some touching story of cruelty to children, or their sad fate.

My dear father! I pray that your pure spirit is at peace, and in the possession of a blissful inheritance. God grant that the teachings of your virtuous life whilst with us may not be in vain; may your example be my constant monitor, yea, "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night," to guide my erring footsteps.

And when we come to give an account of the deeds done in the flesh, may we be a happy and united band in the new Jerusalem, where "we shall meet those we have loved and "lost, whom we still love, and shall never lose again."

CLIFTON H. SMITH.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

ASCENSION day dawns clear and bright, the sunlight glitters on tree and flower, and the air is musical with the carol of sweet birds, but—in one home, all is desolation and woe. Unseen by mortal eye the dread angel of death descends, and marks for his own, the devoted husband, the loving father, kind brother and friend. The weary eye-lids close, the heart-throbs cease, and the immortal spirit returns to the God who gave it. Two angels now ascend on joyful wing, wide ope the pearly gates, and they enter to join the throng of angel and archangel, to be forever with the Lord.

Ascension day! when our blessed Saviour left the little band, and disappeared in the clouds, so on that day *our* father left us for a little while, and has gone before. Therefore, must we watch and pray, that like him, we may be ready to depart *whenever* the summons comes. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The heart mourns with deepest agony, and the tearful eye gazes upon the loved form forever still—so still! No voice answers when I cry—father! No gentle eye looks upon me with love, and the sweet hands which were ever laid upon my head with tenderest touch, lie there motionless and cold.

Oh! great heart, oh! noble heart! life's work is o'er,—fought the fight, the victory won. Tender, loving hands place drooping lilies upon the cold breast, and cover the casket with cross and crown, anchor, heart and wreath, of the purest, sweetest flowers that bloom.

Sons grown to maturity, and bowed by grief, follow that loved body to its last resting place, and see that mother earth does not touch it too roughly. May the winds breathe softly o'er the green sod, and the stars from their far-off homes smile upon it!

Every life wields more or less an influence for good or evil, and like the pebble thrown carelessly into the stream, produces at first only a slight ripple, but which spreads and widens until it reaches the farther shore. So may the children who now rise up and call my father blessed, and the generations to come be living examples of his life which has left "foot-prints on the sands of time."

A life of purity, honesty and modesty, never stooping to an ignoble action, but, as the needle seeks the pole, so he ever sought for justice and the right.

In a little book which he wrote years ago, there is a complete code for the government of the manners of his children, and his gentle hand endeavored to lead them in the way in which they should go. Years roll on, and that little band have become men and women, but the golden circlet needs a

link, which God has taken to himself. It is in heaven, and shall draw us thither one by one, until it is completed there.

The charm of his manner was felt everywhere, whether pleading in silvery and convincing tones the cause of his client, or advancing the good of his State in Legislative Halls; but within the magic circle of his home he shone most conspicuous. There the stranger received the pressure of his welcoming hand, and friends forgot the passing hour while partaking of his hospitality.

His never failing courtesy and gentleness to, as well as interest in, each one, made his children feel as if they were *all* beloved. Whether going or coming, his loved form was the first and last one to be seen, either waving an adieu or waiting to welcome. His ever open hand supplied, without question, every want, and his generous heart anticipated every wish and pleasure.

Will there ever be such another father? Well may it have been said of him, that the world has been made better for having known him, but poorer, indeed, for having lost him. His well known step, his sweet voice is no longer heard, and his graceful form, with his noble silvery head, is no longer seen in our midst, but enshrined they are in our hearts, and live in our memories like a beautiful star that has shone upon us from wondering childhood, but, which suddenly disappears in the blue ether, and we see it no more.

The happy home, the sweet home, is desolate ; and a shadow has fallen upon it never more to be lifted.

When Autumn comes, with withered leaf and lowering sky, *then* we shall miss him ; when Winter comes, with sleet and snow, and frozen stream, and we are gathered 'round the blazing hearth—*then* we shall miss him ; when Spring-tide, with sweet blossoms and gentle zephyrs comes—*then* we shall miss him ; and when Summer comes again, crowning all with ripened fruit, and the air is laden with the odor of sweet flowers—*then* we shall miss him.

In every relation of life my father was the *gentleman*, and held ever the respect, the esteem, and the affection of all that knew him. Of his devotion as husband, father and brother, all the world knew, but none so well as his own family ; and his friendships were true and steadfast.

With so pure, so noble, so exalted an example before them, well may his children strive to be worthy of the name left them, and with this beacon light ever in view, beckoning with pure, bright beams, onward, ever onward, may they each one "act well their part;" and finally, be worthy to join him where "tears shall be wiped from all eyes."

To his profession he was devoted, and through life was a diligent student. In the lighter walks of literature, and especially the poet's, it was sometimes his pleasure to roam, and in conversation choice quotations would aptly and grace-

fully illustrate his thought. Through the vicissitudes and trials of a varied life, he always preserved his courtesy and kindness of heart.

The friends of his youth had fallen one by one, until the noblest Roman of them all, left in his grandeur alone (like the pine on alpine heights), ripened to perfection, and fitted for the Master's use, was called up higher. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

So, with bowed head and bent knee, this unworthy offering is reverently placed at the feet of my sainted father, but I trust that, "up above," beyond the ken of mortal eye, amaranthine flowers bloom with unfading beauty upon his brow.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

MARY J. SMITH.



WITH faltering hand and melting eye I approach the fulfillment of the saddest duty of my life, the endeavor to pay a tribute to the memory of the gentlest, bravest and most loving of men—my honored father, Francis L. Smith. I bear his name, and by the force of circumstances have adopted his chosen profession as mine. For years I walked by his side, in all the trying, changing scenes of a busy advocate's life; and thanks be to God that it lies in my power so to record. Never did he swerve from the path of integrity and honor. So pure and guileless was his nature, that I believe he never had an impure thought, and certain it is, that when sheltered by his dear side, I felt secure, safe from the approach of sin. His sense of honor was the keenest and most sensitive, acting ever from principle and a strong sense of natural justice.

Actions speak louder than words, and to his kindred I may be permitted to give an illustration of the great honesty and integrity of his character. Just before the War he qualified as Administrator, in Virginia, upon the estate of a wealthy

New Yorker. Immediately preceding the commencement of hostilities he was paid a large sum of money, which he deposited in bank and never used, and which, by the vicissitudes of war, became worthless. Four years later the War ended, and the parties who had been separated by hostile lines came together again, and old scores must be settled. The Courts say that under such circumstances the debtor should not pay anything. A lawyer himself, acquainted with all the mysteries and subtleties of the law, did he shield himself behind the law? No! But disposing of such of his personal property as had escaped War's destruction, he paid to the heirs and representatives of the New Yorker every dollar, principal and interest, for the whole time, without an objection, a murmur, or a protest.

And so he has left to the children he loved so dearly a blessed heritage, that of a stainless name, a reputation to be envied by the world, a character without spot and without blemish. His disposition was the gentlest, his nature the most forgiving. Imbued with a strong sense of natural justice, gifted with a kindly heart and compassion for his fellowmen—the poor, the humble and oppressed, always found in him one ready to listen to their wrongs, and if need be, enlist the strong sympathies of his heart, and great powers of mind, in their behalf, and for their protection. Of noble, beautiful and commanding presence, intellect, benignity, dignity and

power, all sat enthroned upon that dear head. Who has felt the influence of those lustrous eyes, or the wonderful magic of his sweet smile, and ever forgotten them?

As a lawyer he stood at the head of his profession. Of fine common sense, a gifted speaker and orator, having a clear silvery voice, and a graceful and attractive delivery, he possessed, in a most remarkable degree, all of the characteristics constituting a great lawyer in every branch of his profession. And added to these, the most indomitable energy, zeal and perseverance. His client's cause became his own. He waged no war for the sake of gold, but that right and justice should prevail, and oppression and wrong be conquered.

His practice extended through every tribunal, from the lowest Court in his own State to the Supreme Court of the United States. His success in his large and varied practice, the verdicts of the juries in the many and hotly contested causes which he conducted, and the records of the adjudicated cases in the Supreme Courts of his own State and at Washington, pay the best tribute and furnish the best evidence of his skill, learning, ability and success as a great advocate and accomplished lawyer.

At an early age he became an orphan, and had to rely upon his own resources to wage the struggle of life. Born in Warrenton, Virginia, on the 25th day of November, 1808,

he passed his early life amid the quiet scenes of that beautiful village. Adopting the law as his profession, he attended a course of Lectures in Winchester, by Judge St. George Tucker.

Shortly afterwards he was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney for the County of Page, and discharged the duties of this office with fidelity and success, winning clients and friends at every step in the path of life. His father, who was his surviving parent, dying, he maintained himself, and supported and educated his younger brothers and sisters, and by his counsel, example and assistance, laid for them foundations which resulted in honorable and respectable positions in society and business. On the 13th day of April, 1836, he was united in marriage to Miss Sarah G. Vowell, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of John C. Vowell, Esq., a wealthy citizen of Alexandria, Va. For forty years they lived together, a model of marriage fidelity; each devoted to the other, and he always the gentle, courteous and devoted husband.

To their children they gave an example rarely seen, of an earnest affection and respect—cemented by the lapse of time. She, his willing help-mate, counsellor and supporter in times of darkness; he, her faithful and loyal husband, her honored and beloved lord—the head of the house and family, to whom we all looked for counsel and succor, and to follow whose bright example was our dearest wish and chief ambition.

In the year 1837 he removed to the City of Louisville, Ky., and there practiced law for five years. The warm and generous people among whom he had settled, recognizing and admiring the gallantry and chivalry of his nature, his high promise and ability, extended to him a helping hand, and soon he was happy in the full career of a successful lawyer. Political promotion was open before him, and it was proposed to send him to Congress from that district the next year. But, in 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Vowell being advanced in years, and extremely anxious for the return of their daughter to her native State, he, with a divine self-abnegation, remembering his early vows, abandoned the rich harvest which had been rendered ready for the sickle, and removed with his young family to the City of Alexandria, Va. From this time forward his life was spent in steady devotion to the pursuit of his profession, except when called upon to serve his Country. He was the master spirit in his profession in the place of his abode, and for more than thirty years held the leading practice against the assaults of individuals and combinations. He was Attorney for the City of Alexandria; a member of both branches of the City Council of that city; a member of the Legislature of Virginia during the session of 1847–'48, and was one of the Committee appointed by that body to revise the laws of the State.

A public spirited citizen, he was at the head of every enterprize promising good and prosperity to his City and State. He prepared and presented to the Legislature of Virginia the petition for the Charter of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad Company, and by his influence and exertion secured the passage of the law. He was Attorney for that Company for many years, and until he resigned the position. He was Attorney for the Alexandria and Fredericksburg Railway Company for many years prior to and at the time of his death. He was the compeer of Walter Jones, James M. Carlisle, Robert E. Scott, and other giants of the law, and conducted with them causes of great magnitude. In 1861, when the dread alarm of war sounded, keenly alive to his duty as a patriot, he abandoned a lucrative practice, a home the most tasteful and elegant in the State, to follow and serve in the fortunes and misfortunes of his native State. All the trials and privations of these four years were borne with fortitude and without a murmur. He lent his aid to his State in the great struggle, and aided and supported his sons who were in her armies, exhorting them to perform their duty as Virginians and gentlemen. At the close of the War he returned to Alexandria, resumed the broken thread of his professional life, and soon had the enjoyment of constant employment—a large and successful practice.

Unselfish to the last degree, his wants were few and easily supplied. He lived and died beloved by many; honored, respected and admired by all.

On May 10th, 1877, at six o'clock in the morning, the sad summons came. On that day the family lost its beloved head; the wife her cherished companion for years; the children their guide and protector; the poor a friend; the Bar its Nestor; the Church a faithful member; the community and State a citizen whose place cannot be filled.

In whatever light we view his history, the voice of detraction is hushed, and his virtues stand forth, evidences of a character and life, for which any people and family may well be grateful.

FRANCIS L. SMITH, Jr.

IN adding my tribute to my dear father's memory, to others in which so much has been well said, I only wish to speak of him in his own family circle—the place on earth he loved best. From early childhood he was always the tender parent, the watchful guardian, and as years passed on, and his children became men and women, the kind adviser and loving friend. No matter what childish offense was commited, it was by him soon forgiven and forgotten. There was ever the sweet smile of affection to greet those he loved. By his gentleness the erring were induced to do better, and none but those of his own household can estimate his refining and elevating influence upon the home he brightened and adorned. His strict integrity and high moral sense endeared him to his many friends, and it was always an honor and pride to his children, when hearing him spoken of in the outside world to say, "He is my father."

To the absent members of his family his thoughts turned always so affectionately, sharing their joys and sympathizing in their troubles. In reading over his letters, so full of tenderness and sweet counsel, I realize, over and over afresh, my great loss. In his death we are bereft indeed. The vacant chair, closed books, and the sorrowing band of mourners, all

speak of the dread reality. His nobleness of soul and lovely Christian character, leave to those who mourn his loss, the blessed assurance that we must "sorrow not as those who have no hope." Fallen he has asleep in Jesus, basking forever beneath the sunshine of Jehovah's smile.

ALICE C. STRONG.



IN love I write of him whose life was in all things pure and perfect; and although our hearts lie broken in the dust, yet, with tearful obedience, we submit to the summons that has made heaven richer and our home forever desolate.

## "My Father."

From early manhood hampered by domestic and professional cares, he struggled through the brighter scenes of good fortune, and the darker paths of adversity, with an undaunted soul and fearless heart.

In the varied relations of citizen, lawyer and Christian, he was in all truth a model.

As a man, through all the perplexing circumstances connected with a practice of over forty years, it was his proud right to say, that every interest confided to his care was religiously guarded and protected, and that no professional conduct on his part ever met with censure. His intercourse with all men was kindly and dignified, and no one ever met him without being impressed with his genial manners and considerate courtesy.

In his honor stedfast, in his integrity true, he walked through the storms of life unmindful of failure, and never depressed by misfortune.

In honor he now rests from his labors, and to us who mourn him he has left an heritage rich in all that is glorious and godly.

As a lawyer he stood at the head and front of his profession, and his acknowledged ability, either as an advocate or a counsellor, brought about him those who sought only the first talent in the land; marked by nature as one of her true noblemen, endowed with all the attributes that make up the finished orator and ingenious pleader, he stood, amidst a bright array of talent, foremost, conspicuous for his glorious presence, kingly dignity and manly beauty; his silvery voice was magical in its effect, and few could withstand its charm.

His success best attests his merit as a lawyer, for the substantial fruits of his labors are ever before us. He has severed the tie that bound the mystic circle, and now, instead of pleading causes for frail humanity, he is singing hallelujahs to his God.

His life as a Christian was marked by the deepest devotion, and when he bowed his head at the altar for confirmation, there was a beautiful lesson in his confession to his Maker. All his years have been filled with religious interest; even in youth he was exempt from the vicious habits that taint the fountain of life and poison the appetite with worldly desires.

Laboring in his chosen profession, he was not only a worker in his calling but was one of the army of the Lord. His

precepts were those founded upon piety and justice, and he recommended the truths of Christianity to his children as the surest guide to happiness.

He did not attempt to solve the mysteries that are withheld from all mankind, but with his great honest faith he accepted all that it was intended he should know.

His soul has left us, and, piercing the veil, he stands before his Maker, and almost I can hear, as if it was a benediction to us, the joyful welcome, "Enter thou into rest."

The partner of his sorrows and his cares, the one blest in his life-long love and devotion, is with us, to add her testimony to his unfailing and constant tenderness, during the forty years of their wedded life; his attachment to his wife, through those two-score years, was of the most ardent and chivalrous nature. Ever the loyal lover, even amid the busiest scenes of his professional career, manifesting to her that uniform courtesy and consideration which was her due.

May each of us learn a lesson from his life, so that when the dread summons comes we may yield our spirits as secure in the trust of immortality.

To his children his loving heart ever turned with aid and sympathy, and his whole sum of happiness was complete in their prosperity; and in their trouble and affliction, his voice was the one to soothe and inspire the despondent with hope.

The monument of marble may crumble into dust, the glowing eulogies may fade from the mind, but the most lasting memorial that we can pay him is to imitate his life and follow his example.

I have paid, in a feeble manner, this last tribute of love; he has met his God without fear and without reproach, and in the sanctity of our hearts his image will ever remain enshrined in a thousand hallowed memories; and though the years roll on and carry us further from his actual presence, still in memory he will live as pure and spotless as the day his soul took its flight; and though "the silver chord be loosed and the golden bowl be broken," our hearts are hushed into reverential thanks, that, sheltered in the arms of his Saviour, his warfare over, his crown is sure, his soul attuned to the harmonies of heaven, and amid the scenes that ever resound with music, his voice will praise his God.

COURTLAND H. SMITH.

"Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God."

IT is with feelings of the deepest awe and reverence, and a heart crushed by overwhelming sorrow, that I venture to add this feeble tribute of devotion to my precious father's memory. This most sacred office is the last mark of love and respect that we can pay to one who having passed through the waves of this troublesome world and "entered the haven where he would be," has left our empty home filled with only stricken hearts. That home is left unto us desolate! Each room, so eloquent of his dear presence, from the chamber whence his sweet spirit took its flight, to the library where so many hours of arduous toil were spent in the service of those he loved! A silent room, an empty chair, an idle pen—all tell that he has gone forever!

The books he loved so well—the friends and counsellors of years—will never more be used by him who sleeps beneath the sod. The sunbeams now rest lovingly on the home of our dead, and the soft wind breathes a requiem to his memory.

So hasty was the summons that our minds fail to grasp the irrevocable truth ; and as we talk together of the dear one, we can almost hear his footsteps, and sit waiting for the

silvery voice which was ever raised in accents of tenderest love and sympathy. How blessed are we to have our recollections of that dear father, all kindness!

We can picture him, with a heavenly smile and words of love, waiting with outstretched arms to welcome us as we entered that sweet home of which he was the prop and stay. The world has paid the honor and respect due our beloved father in recording his high talents, successful practice, stainless reputation and pure and lofty character. For us is reserved the special privilege of speaking of his unvarying devotion as husband, father, brother, friend. To our dear mother he united the grace and ardor of early days, to the sympathy and devotion of a life-time. His respect and admiration for her never lessened, and his manner was as tender and considerate, as when he was first inspired with that love which was steadfast through life.

To his children, one and all, he was a most devoted and forgiving father; his, that divine disposition that forgave an offense as soon as committed. Whether in smiles or tears, his was the hand to soothe and caress—the voice to sympathize. He entered keenly into the troubles of each one, and his ear was never deaf to their appeals 'til Azrael set his seal upon him, and his precious spirit returned to the God who gave it. As a brother and friend he stands unrivalled, and his early sacrifices for his orphan brothers and sisters—his

noble effort to take his father's place; and the many unrecorded acts of friendship that gild his life, speak now more loudly than tongue or pen. He lived only for others, and passed his life in unrelaxing toil for those dependent upon him.

Endowed by generous nature with a splendid mind, capable of grasping the most subtle and profound truths, and at the same time able to enjoy the beautiful in all of its finer details; a mind that retained its vigor and beauty to the last, and never shone with more brilliancy than just before the call came—he leaves an aching void in the home he so loved to beautify, and which is now doubly sanctified by his memory.

With a splendid form and face, he possessed a graceful and polished manner, and his sweet smile and kindly bearing won the hearts of all. He lived a life of perfect sacrifice, and in all his tender consideration for others, he never gave one thought to self.

As a Christian his faith was firm and unwavering, and we feel that he has joined that happy band of angels who sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. His spirit, found too pure for earth, was claimed in heaven.

In death he was as beautiful and majestic as in life. "Oh! death, where is thy sting! Oh! grave, where is thy victory! But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

We dwell this side of Jordan's stream,
Yet oft there comes a shining beam
Across from yonder shore;
While visions of a holy throng,
And sound of harp and seraph song
Seem gently wafted o'er.

The other side, Oh! blissful sight!
Upon it's banks, arrayed in white,
For me a loved one waits;
Over the stream he calls to me,
Fear not, I am thy guide to be,
Up to the pearly gate.

The other side! this well known voice
And dear glad face will soon rejoice—
We'll meet in fond embrace;
He'll lead me on until we stand
Each with a palm-branch in our hand,
Before the Saviour's face.

The other side ! the other side !
Who would not brave the swelling tide
Of earthly toil and care,
To wake one day, when life is past,
Over the stream, at Home at last,
With all the blest ones There ?

SALLIE V. DAINGERFIELD.

# GENEALOGIES.

# PATERNAL ANCESTRY

OF

# FRANCIS LEE SMITH,

OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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*First Generation.*

AUGUSTINE SMITH, of Westmoreland County, Va., married Mary Ann Adkins, who was first cousin of Gen. George Washington. Child—WILLIAM.

*Second Generation.*

WILLIAM SMITH, married Nancy Marshall, sister of Chief Justice Marshall's father, and daughter of Lizzie Marshall, née Markham, whose father was an English Peer. Child—THOMAS.

*Third Generation.*

THOMAS SMITH, of Oak Hill, Fauquier County, Va., married Elizabeth Adams, daughter of John Adams, who was first cousin to Lord Lyttleton, and educated with him at Oxford, England. Children—ten, among them JOHN ADAMS WASHINGTON.

*Fourth Generation.*

JOHN ADAMS WASHINGTON SMITH, of Fauquier County, Va., married, first, Maria Love Hawkins. Children—Elizabeth Eleanor Hawkins, Francis Lee, Mary Scott, Harriott Emily, Juliana Hanson, John Thomas, Robert White, Eliza Adelaide, Storer Chapman, Emily Sprigg, Marshall Joseph, Thomas Seddon. After the death of his first wife J. A. W. Smith was married twice.

*Fifth Generation.*

FRANCIS LEE SMITH, married Sarah Gosnelle Vowell, daughter of John C. Vowell, of Alexandria, Va., on 13th April, 1836. Children—L. Jaquelin, Margaret Vowell, Clifton Hewitt, Mary Jaquelin, Francis Lee, Alice Corbin, Courtland Hawkins, Sarah Vowell, Robert Woodleigh. Francis Lee Smith was born in Warrenton, Va., November 25th, 1808, and died in Alexandria, Va., May 10th, 1877. He was interred in the Presbyterian cemetery near Alexandria.

"The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

# MATERNAL ANCESTRY

OF

# FRANCIS LEE SMITH,

OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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The following extract is taken from the Genealogical History of the Lee family, of Virginia and Maryland, from A. D. 1300 to A. D. 1866.

"The Lee family of Virginia is the youngest branch of "one of the oldest families in England. Launcelot Lee, the "founder, came originally from Loudon, France. He went "over to England with William, the Conqueror. After the "battle of Hastings, when the estates of the native English "nobility were divided among the followers of William, a "fine estate in Essex was bestowed on him.

"A. D. 1192. Lionel Lee, first Earl of Litchfield, raised "a company of 'gentlemen cavaliers,' at the head of which "he accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion in the Third Crusade, "A. D. 1192. For gallant conduct at the seige of Acre he "was made Earl of Litchfield, and another estate was given "to the family, which was afterwards called 'Ditchly.' The "armor worn by Lionel Lee may be seen in the Horse Armory of the Tower of London.

"Richard Lee accompanied the unfortunate Earl of Surrey in his expedition against the Scotch Borders, in 1542.

"Two of the LEE family have been Knights of the Garter, "and their banners, surmounted by the LEE Arms, may be "seen in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle.

"The LEE Arms consist of a shield, bend sinister, battled "and embattled; crest, a closed visor surmounted by a squir- "rel holding a nut, with the motto, '*non incantus futuri.*'

"The present old Genealogy commences about the close "of the eleventh Century (A. D. 1090), and continues in a "direct line to the year 1663, from which date we have en- "deavored to trace it to the present time."

*First Generation in Virginia.*

RICHARD LEE, known as "The Emigrant," came to Virginia in 1641; married Anna ——, and had children, given in the following order in his will, dated 1663: John, RICHARD, Francis, William Hancock, Betsey, Anne, Charles.

*Second Generation.*

RICHARD, second son of RICHARD LEE and Anna ——, born 1647; died March 12th, 1714; married Lettice Corbin, daughter of Henry Corbin—gentleman. She died October 6th, 1706, aged 49. Children—Richard, PHILIP, Francis, Thomas, Henry, Mary.

*Third Generation.*

PHILIP, second son of Richard and Lettice Lee, was twice married; *first* —— —— *second* to Elizabeth ——. He went to Maryland in 1700, and died in 1744. His

youngest brother, Henry, was the progenitor of Gen. Robert Edward Lee. The children of Philip are given in the following order in his will, dated March 20th, 1743: Richard, Thomas, Philip, Corbin, Hancock, Arthur, Francis, George, Eleanor, Anne, Alice, Hannah, Peggy, Letitia, Eliza.

*Fourth Generation.*

LETITIA, first, married James Wardrop, merchant, of Upper Marlborough, in the province of Maryland; second, married Dr. Adam Thompson, of Upper Marlborough, in the province of Maryland; third, married Col. Joseph Sim, of Prince George's County, Maryland. (Mr. Wardrop and Dr. Thompson both died in the City of New York, where their wills are dated, and where they had gone in quest of health). Lettice Lee is said to have been a very beautiful and attractive woman. Her portrait is now in the possession of her descendant, Francis Lee Smith, of Alexandria, Va.; also, a copy of her Will and copies of the Wills of her first and second husbands. (Recorded at Annapolis, Md). She died possessed of a large fortune, bequeathed by Mr. Wardrop and Dr. Thompson. By her first and third marriages she had no children; by her second she had two daughters—Alice Corbin, Mary Lee.

*Fifth Generation.*

ALICE CORBIN THOMPSON married Capt. John Hawkins. She died July 14th, 1817, and was buried at Buckland, Prince William County, Va., in a family

burying ground. Capt. John Hawkins was a lineal descendant of Admiral Hawkins of the British Navy, whose Coat of Arms he bore, viz.: a bound Moor. Motto, "*Nil desperandum.*" Capt. Hawkins was a distinguished officer in the Revolutionary Army, serving with the Virginia troops. Children—Eliza, Adelaide, MARIA LOVE, Emily Sprigg.

*Sixth Generation.*

MARIA LOVE, married John A. W. Smith, of Warrenton, Va., February 2d, 1806. She died July 18th, 1826, aged 37 years, and was buried at Buckland, Prince William County, Va. A faithful wife, a loving mother, and a bright example of Christian excellence. Children—Elizabeth Eleanor Hawkins, FRANCIS LEE, Mary Scott, Harriott Emily, Juliana Hanson, John Thomas, Robert White, Eliza Adelaide, Storer Chapman, Emily Sprigg, Marshall Joseph and Thomas Seddon.

*Seventh Generation.*

FRANCIS LEE, married Sarah Gosnelle Vowell, at the residence of her father, Mr. John C. Vowell, on Wolfe Street, Alexandria, Va., April 13th, 1836. He was born in Warrenton, Va., November 25th, 1808, and died in Alexandria, Va., May 10th, 1877. He was buried in the Presbyterian cemetery near Alexandria. Children—L. Jaquelin, Margaret Vowell, Clifton Hewitt, Mary Jaquelin, Francis Lee, Alice Corbin, Courtland Hawkins, Sarah Vowell, Robert Woodleigh.

# PATERNAL ANCESTRY

OF

# SARAH G. VOWELL,

OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

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*First Generation.*

THOMAS VOWELL, of London, England, married Sarah Gosnelle, a lady descended from Stanislaus, King of Poland. Children—JOHN CRIPPS, Thomas, Ebenezer, Harriet.

*Second Generation.*

JOHN CRIPPS VOWELL, born in London, England, August 12th, 1767; came to America and settled in Alexandria, Va., where he became a successful merchant. Married, *first*, Miss Harper—children. Married, *second*, Mrs. Mary Jaquelin Taylor, née Smith, December 10th, 1810; died December 11th, 1852. Children—Margaret Boyd, SARAH GOSNELLE.

*Third Generation.*

SARAH GOSNELLE VOWELL, born October 6th, 1813. Married Francis Lee Smith, April 13th, 1836. Children —L. Jaquelin, Margaret Vowell, Clifton Hewitt, Mary Jaquelin, Francis Lee, Alice Corbin, Courtland Hawkins, Sarah Vowell, Robert Woodleigh.

# MATERNAL ANCESTRY

OF

# SARAH G. VOWELL,

OF ALEXANDRIA, VA.

---

*First Generation.*

CAPT. JOHN SMITH, of Purton, Gloucester County, Va., married Mary Warner, daughter of Augustine Warner, of Gloucester County, Va., ye 17th February, 1680. He died ye 14th of April, 1698. Mary Smith, his widow, died ye 12th of November, 1700. Children—Mildred, Mary, John, Augustine, Elizabeth, Philip, Ann.

*Second Generation.*

AUGUSTINE SMITH, born ye 16th June, 1687, and married Sarah Carver, ye 9th September, 1711. She died March 12th, 1726, aged 31 years, 2 months, 7 days. Children—Mary, John, Sarah, Mildred, Elizabeth, Ann, Susannah, Jane.

*Third Generation.*

JOHN SMITH, born November 13th, 1715; lived in Middlesex County, Va. He married Mary Jaquelin, of Jamestown, Va., November 17th, 1737. She died Oc-

tober 4th, 1764. Children—AUGUSTINE, Martha, Sarah, Mary, Jaquelin, Elizabeth, John, Edward, Matthew. The genealogy of Mary Jaquelin, of Jamestown, Va., is given hereafter.

*Fourth Generation.*

AUGUSTINE SMITH, born 1738, died June 13th, 1774. Married, *first*, Mildred Roots, February 4th, 1762; she died September 14th, 1763, aged 29 years. Child—Mildred. Married, *second*, Margaret Boyd, (daughter of David and Margaret Boyd, of Northumberland County, Va)., January 25th, 1770. Children—MARY JAQUELIN, Augustin Jaquelin.

*Fifth Generation.*

MARY JAQUELIN, born February 12th, 1773. Married twice; *first* to Mr. Jesse Taylor, in Winchester, Va., 1792. Child—Jesse. Married, *second*, Mr. John C. Vowell, December 10th, 1810. She died October 31st, 1846. Children—Margaret Boyd, SARAH GOSNELLE.

*Sixth Generation.*

SARAH GOSNELLE VOWELL, born October 6th, 1813; married Francis Lee Smith, 13th April, 1836. Children —L. Jaquelin, Margaret Vowell, Clifton Hewitt, Mary Jaquelin, Francis Lee, Alice Corbin, Courtland Hawkins, Sarah Vowell, Robert Woodleigh.

# JAQUELIN ANCESTRY.

EDWARD JAQUELIN, of Jamestown, Va., was the son of John Jaquelin and Elizabeth Craddock, of the County of Kent, England. Elizabeth Craddock's father is believed to be the same "generous Matthew Craddock," who in 1629 proposed as Governor of the Company of the Massachusetts Bay (chartered by Charles First of England), to transfer to the free men inhabiting the Colony, the rights and privileges of that Charter. Vide, Bancroft's Hist., Vol. I. p. 351.

EDWARD JAQUELIN was descended from the same stock which gave rise to the noble family of La Roche Jaquelin, in France. They were Protestants, and fled from La Vendée to England during the reign of that blood-thirsty tyrant, Charles IX. of France, and a short time previous to the massacre of St. Bartholomew. They were eminently wealthy, and were fortunate enough to convert a large portion of their wealth into gold and silver, which they transported in safety to England.

By a mourning ring, in the possession of Mary Marshall, wife of Chief Justice of the United States, and great granddaughter of Edward Jaquelin, it appears that he died in the year 1730. He died, as he lived, one of the most wealthy men in the Colony.

*First Generation.*

EDWARD JAQUELIN emigrated to Virginia in the year 1697, and married for his second wife in the year 1706, Martha, daughter of William Cary, gentleman, of Warwick County, Va. Children—Matthew, Elizabeth, Martha, Mary, Edward.

*Second Generation.*

MARY JAQUELIN married John Smith, of Middlesex County, Va., 1737. Children.

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